MUSTANGS MUST BE WON! INSIDE!

TERRIFIC

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POWER COMIC

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Prince Namor, THE SUB-MARINER!

"A STRANGER STRIKES FROM SPACE!"

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EVEN IN YOUR POWERFUL, POUNDING HANDS... NO MERE LIFELESS BLADE CAN HALT THE CHARGE OF NAMOR THE FIRST!
SKRAK!
I HAVE VANQUISHED YOU BEFORE... AND I SHALL DO SO AGAIN... IN THE NAME OF FATHER NEPTUNE!
WORDS! EMPTY WORDS! THIS TIME THE TRIUMPH IS MINE!

BUT THEN, SUDDENLY, AS A DEADLY BOLT EXPLODES THUNDEROUSLY OVER THE HEAD OF NAMOR...
MASTER OF DECEIT...
I EXPECTED SUCH A TREACHEROUS ATTACK!
KNOWING YOU CANNOT DEFEAT ME AS YOU VOWED, YOU SIGNALLED YOUR UNDERLINGS TO ATTACK FROM THE REAR!
BUT THE SUB-MARINER IS EVER ALERT!

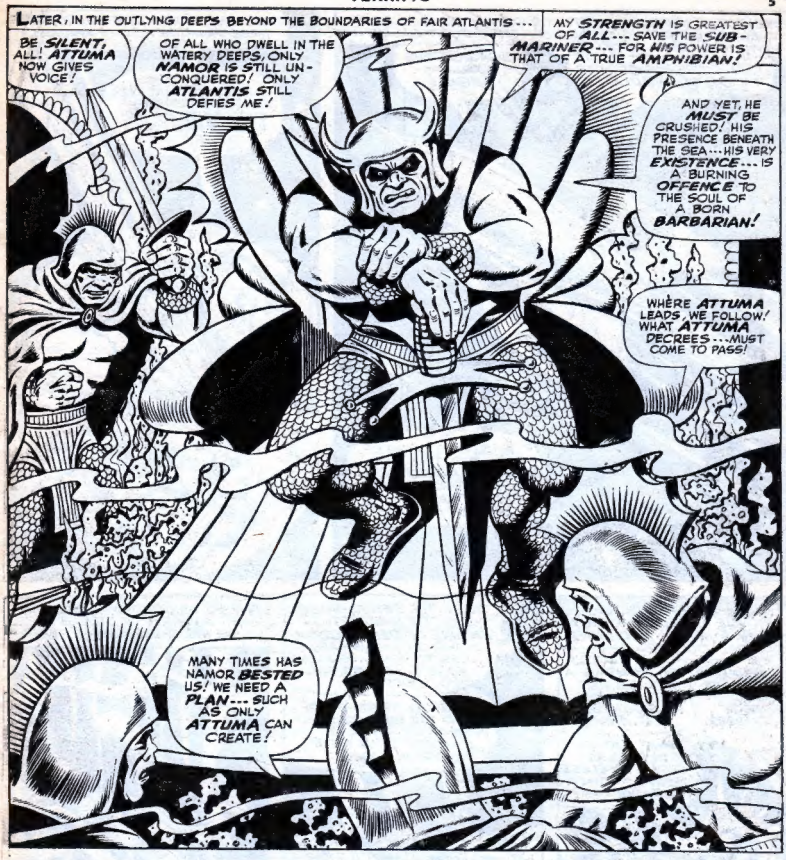
THEN, FROM A MUSTERING POINT WITHIN THE CASTLE COURTYARD, THE AGED LORD VASHTI, GRAND VIZIER OF THE REALM, ADDRESSES THE LEGIONS OF ATLANTIS...
REMAIN AT THE READY... BUT DO NOT ATTACK!
WITH ATTUMA BEATEN, THE BARBARIAN HORDE SHALL FLEE THIS LAND IN BLIND DISORDER... IN DEMORALIZED ROUTE!
SEE! OUR SOVEREIGN FIGHTS LIKE A WARRIOR BORN!

NEVER WILL PROUD ATLANTIS CRUMBLE BENEATH AN INVADER'S HEEL!
NOT WHILE NAMOR LIVES! NOT WHILE JUSTICE STILL ENDURES!
ROK!

EVEN THE FATES GIVE SIGN OF YOUR DEFEAT!... AS THE VERY PILLARS ABOVE COLLAPSE AROUND YOU!
FLEE! FLEE! BEFORE WE ARE DESTROYED!
RRAKK!

ATTUMA IS OUR STRENGTH! HE IS OUR POWER!
BUT, EVEN HE HAS BEEN OVERWHELMED BY THE MATCHLESS STRENGTH OF NAMOR!
THOOM!

AND THEN, THEIR MORALE SHATTERED, THEIR FIGHTING SPIRIT CRUSHED, ATTUMA LEADS HIS DEMORALIZED LEGIONS IN A WEARY, BITTER RETREAT---!
LET NO MAN SPEAK! LET NONE QUESTION THE WORD OR DEED OF ATTUMA!
WE HAVE BEEN DRIVEN BACK--- BUT, WE SHALL RETURN! BY EVERY DEMON OF THE DEEP, THIS DO I SWEAR...!
FOR EVERY SECOND OF OUR SHAME, ATLANTIS SHALL PAY A THOUSANDFOLD! NEVER SHALL ATTUMA SHEATH HIS SWORD --- TILL NAMOR AND HIS EMPIRE ARE ERASED FROM THE MEMORY OF EVERYTHING THAT LIVES!


LATER, IN THE OUTLYING DEEPS BEYOND THE BOUNDARIES OF FAIR ATLANTIS ...
BE SILENT, ALL! ATTUMA NOW GIVES VOICE!
OF ALL WHO DWELL IN THE WATERY DEEPS, ONLY NAMOR IS STILL UN-CONQUERED! ONLY ATLANTIS STILL DEFIES ME!
MY STRENGTH IS GREATEST OF ALL ... SAVE THE SUB-MARINER ... FOR HIS POWER IS THAT OF A TRUE AMPHIBIAN!
AND YET, HE MUST BE CRUSHED! HIS PRESENCE BENEATH THE SEA ... HIS VERY EXISTENCE ... IS A BURNING OFFENCE TO THE SOUL OF A BORN BARBARIAN!
WHERE ATTUMA LEADS, WE FOLLOW! WHAT ATTUMA DECREES ... MUST COME TO PASS!
MANY TIMES HAS NAMOR BESTED US! WE NEED A PLAN ... SUCH AS ONLY ATTUMA CAN CREATE!

THIS IS MY COMMAND ..!
FROM THIS MOMENT FORTH, WE LIVE FOR ONLY ONE PURPOSE ... ONE GOAL ... TO GRIND ATLANTIS INTO THE DUST!
WE WILL CREATE A WEAPON! ONE SO POWERFUL THAT EVEN NAMOR WILL BE HELPLESS AGAINST IT!
NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES ... NO MATTER HOW MANY BARBARIAN LIVES ARE LOST IN THE ATTEMPT ... ATLANTIS MUST BE MINE!
AND, NO MATTER WHAT THE COST ... NAMOR MUST BE DESTROYED!

EVEN AS THE MERCILESS *ATTUMA* SPEAKS, A SEEMINGLY UNRELATED EVENT TAKES PLACE IN A FAR DISTANT GALAXY... MANY LIGHT YEARS AWAY...

OUR COURSE IS SET FOR THE *36TH NEBULA!*

THEN...LET THE JOURNEY *BEGIN!*

IN ORDER TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME, THE *NAVIGO-ROBOT* WILL GUIDE US THROUGH THE RARELY TRAVELLED *SOLAR SYSTEM!*

HOW SMALL...HOW *INSIGNIFICANT* THESE PRIMITIVE WORLDS APPEAR!

AND YET, IT IS SUSPECTED THAT EVEN NAMELESS PLANETS SUCH AS *THAT* MAY HARBOUR INTELLIGENT LIFE!

BUT, IT CAN BE OF *NO INTEREST* TO SUCH AS *WE!*

THEN, AS THE ALIEN VOICES CONTINUE TO DRONE WITHIN, A ONE-IN-A-MILLION *ACCIDENT* SUDDENLY OCCURS...

IT IS TIME TO CHECK THE *SERVO-ROBOT* IN CHAMBER NINE!

SURELY SO *ROUTINE* A TASK CAN WAIT UNTIL WE HAVE FINISHED WITH OUR *MEAL!*

WHAT *HARM* CAN COME TO SUCH A *LIFELESS BEING* WITHIN A SHIP LIKE THIS?

THAK!

TRUE...THE *SERVO-ROBOT*, THOUGH THE MIGHTIEST *ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION* IN OUR GALAXY, IS HARMLESS TO NONE...SO LONG AS HE IS ABOARD THIS SHIP!

THEREFORE, THERE IS *NO NEED* FOR SUCH CONSTANT *VIGILANCE*---FOR, HE *CANNOT* LEAVE WHILE WE ARE IN FLIGHT!

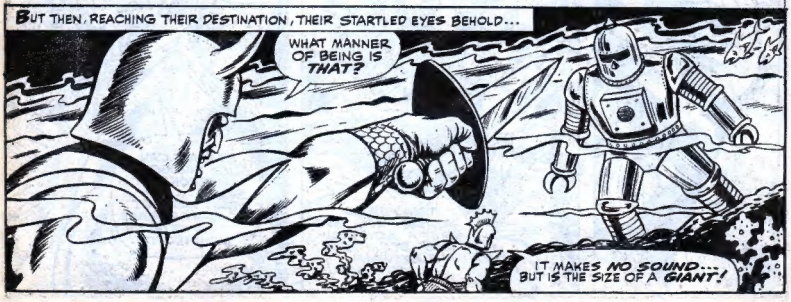
SPLODSH!

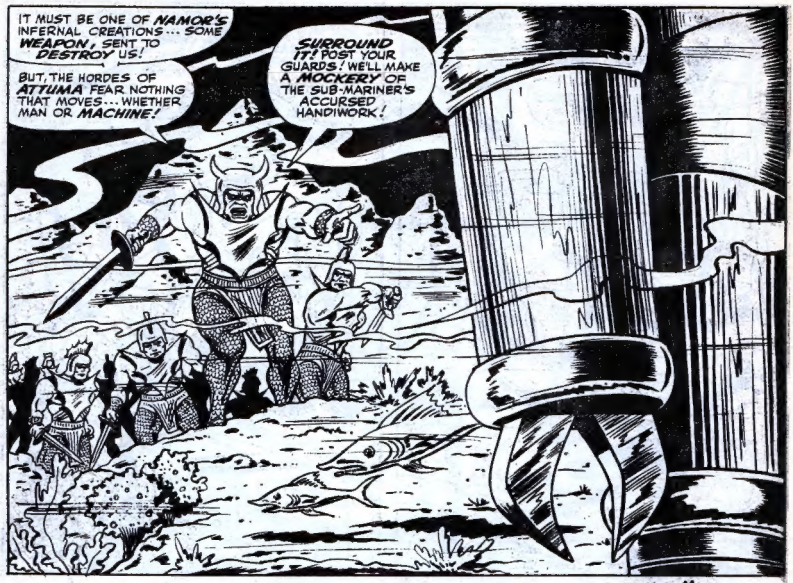
AND SO, AN UNFATHOMABLE *DESTINY* TAKES A HAND IN THE STRANGE DOINGS OF THE WORLD BENEATH THE SEA...

AND THEN, AFTER A LONG, SILENT, TORTUOUS DESCENT...
THE ALARM SIGNAL FLASHES! AN INVADER HAS ENTERED BARBARIAN TERRITORY!
ALERT THE GUARDS WHILE I SUMMON ATTUMA!

SECONDS LATER...
THERE CAN BE NO MISTAKE! ONE LONE FOOL HAS DARED TO CROSS OUR BORDER!
WHOEVER HE BE, HE MUST LEARN THE FOLLY OF SUCH AN ACT! HE SHALL PAY WITH HIS LIFE!

EVER EAGER FOR BATTLE, THE ARMED BARBARIAN GUARD, LED BY ITS SAVAGE LEADER, STORMS TO THE SPOT FROM WHENCE THE ALARM ORIGINATED...
MASTER, WHAT IF IT BE THE SUB-MARINER HIMSELF, RETURNING FOR VENGEANCE?
WE ARE MANY... AND HE IS ONE! THIS TIME, ONLY IN DEATH WILL HE FIND ESCAPE!


BUT THEN, REACHING THEIR DESTINATION, THEIR STARTLED EYES BEHOLD...
WHAT MANNER OF BEING IS THAT?
IT MAKES NO SOUND... BUT IS THE SIZE OF A GIANT!


IT MUST BE ONE OF NAMOR'S INFERNAL CREATIONS... SOME WEAPON, SENT TO DESTROY US!
BUT, THE HORDES OF ATTUMA FEAR NOTHING THAT MOVES... WHETHER MAN OR MACHINE!
SURROUND IT! POST YOUR GUARDS! WE'LL MAKE A MOCKERY OF THE SUB-MARINER'S ACCURSED HANDIWORK!

WE ARE IN POSITION, ATTUMA!
THEN, AT MY COMMAND.. ATTACK!

OUR SWORDS ARE USELESS! THEY SNAP LIKE TWIGS!
THEN STAND ASIDE! WE'LL SEE WHAT A BLOW DELIVERED BY THE ARM OF ATTUMA CAN ACCOMPLISH!

KLANNG!
IT CANNOT BE!
MY BLADE CAN SLICE THROUGH THE STRONGEST STEEL... AND YET, IT MADE NOT A DENT AGAINST THIS METAL MONSTROSITY!

EVEN NOW, THE UNSPEAKABLE PRINCE OF ATLANTIS MUST BE GLOATING AT OUR HELPLESSNESS! BUT, WE WILL BE HELPLESS NO LONGER!
BRING FORTH..THE NUTRO RAY!

AND, AS A SPECIAL DETAIL OF BARBARIANS RUSH TO OBEY THEIR MASTER'S COMMAND, ONE OF THE MANY HIDDEN OBSERVA-SCOPES WHICH DOT THE PERIPHERY OF ATLANTIS RECORDS THE ENTIRE SCENE ...

THERE IS SOMETHING AMISS IN THE LAND OF THE BARBARIANS!
ATTUMA SEEMS POWERLESS AGAINST YON GIANT ROBOT!

YOUR WORDS... AS EVER... HAVE THE RING OF GOLDEN TRUTH, MY LORD VASHTI!
BE FOREWARNED, MY PRINCE! ATTUMA'S LAST ATTACK HAS CAUSED GREAT DAMAGE TO OUR LAND!
IF NOT FOR YOUR MATCHLESS POWER, ALL OF ATLANTIS MIGHT NOW BE HIS!
OUR PEOPLE NEED TIME TO REST... TO REPAIR THEIR RAVAGED CITIES!
THERE MUST BE NO NEW BATTLE TILL OUR FIGHTING STRENGTH HAS BEEN RESTORED!
ELSE, THE DEATH KNELL OF FAIR ATLANTIS MAY BE AT HAND!

BUT, DOES ATTUMA NOW POSSESS SOME DEADLY NEW WEAPON TO USE AGAINST MY REALM?
DID I WITNESS HIM TESTING IT... FOR INVULNERABILITY?
OR CAN SOME FAR GREATER MENACE BE AFOOT? ONE WHICH EVEN ATTUMA CANNOT HOPE TO CONTROL?

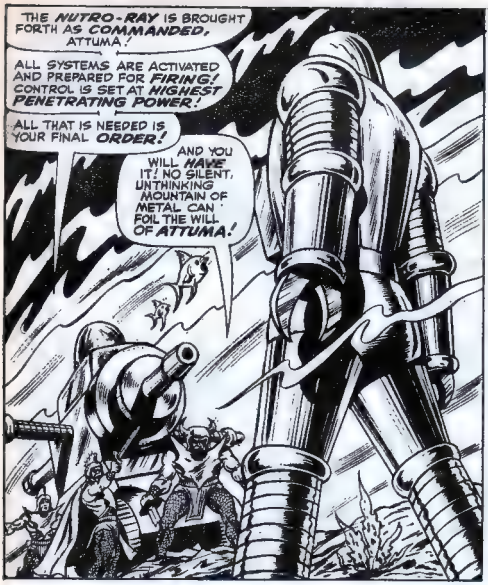
I MUST LEARN THE ANSWER ... IF FABLED ATLANTIS IS TO ENDURE!
FOOTSTEPS! SOMEONE APPROACHES!
MY PRINCE! 'TIS THE LADY DORMA! I CRAVE LEAVE TO ADDRESS YOU, SIRE!
GRANTED, MY LADY!

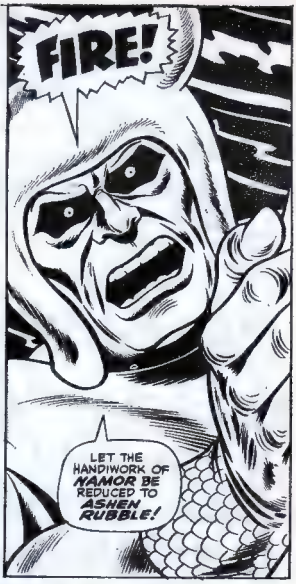
I KNOW NOT WHAT DANGERS AWAIT BEYOND THE WALLS OF ATLANTIS ... BUT I BEG YOU, MY LORD ... HEED THE WORDS OF ONE WHO LOVES YOU BEYOND ALL MEASURE ...!
MY HEART IS HEAVY WITHIN ME ... HEAVY WITH A SENSE OF IMPENDING DISASTER! AN INTUITION, SUCH AS ONLY A FEMALE CAN POSSESS, WARNS ME ...
PRINCE NAMOR MUST NOT LEAVE THE CITY THIS NIGHT!

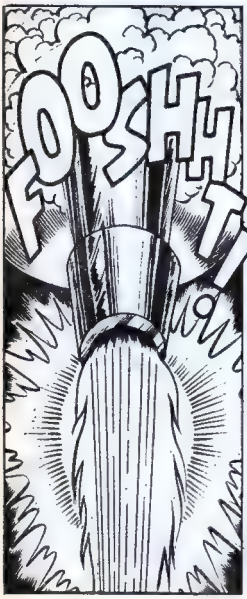
I AM GRATEFUL FOR YOUR CONCERN, MY LADY! BUT, THOUGH I DO NOT DOUBT THE WISDOM OF YOUR ADVICE, STILL AM I PRINCE OF THE BLOOD ...
BUT, MY LORD ...
SAY NO MORE! WHAT IS TO BE DONE, A PRINCE MUST DO!
TRASCOPE

THUS, THOUGH THE VERY SIGHT OF YOU BRINGS GLADNESS TO MY HEART, IT IS MY ROYAL COMMAND THAT YOU NOW LEAVE!
WHATEVER DEADLY DANGER MAY AWAIT ME.. WHATEVER DIRE FATE MAY SOON BEFALL ... THE SUB-MARINER SHALL FACE IT ALONE ... AND UNAFRAID!
THEN, MAY NEPTUNE BE EVER AT THY SIDE!
IMPERIUS REX!

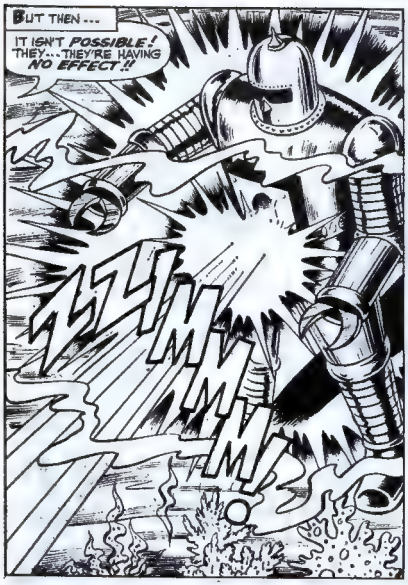
SHE IS DEPARTED!
BUT, WHAT IS THIS? ATTUMA SUMMONS FORTH A NEW, GIGANTIC WEAPON ... AIMED POINT BLANK AT THE IMMOBILE ROBOT!


THE NUTRO-RAY IS BROUGHT FORTH AS COMMANDED, ATTUMA!
ALL SYSTEMS ARE ACTIVATED AND PREPARED FOR FIRING! CONTROL IS SET AT HIGHEST PENETRATING POWER!
ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS YOUR FINAL ORDER!
AND YOU WILL HAVE IT! NO SILENT, UNTHINKING MOUNTAIN OF METAL CAN FOIL THE WILL OF ATTUMA!

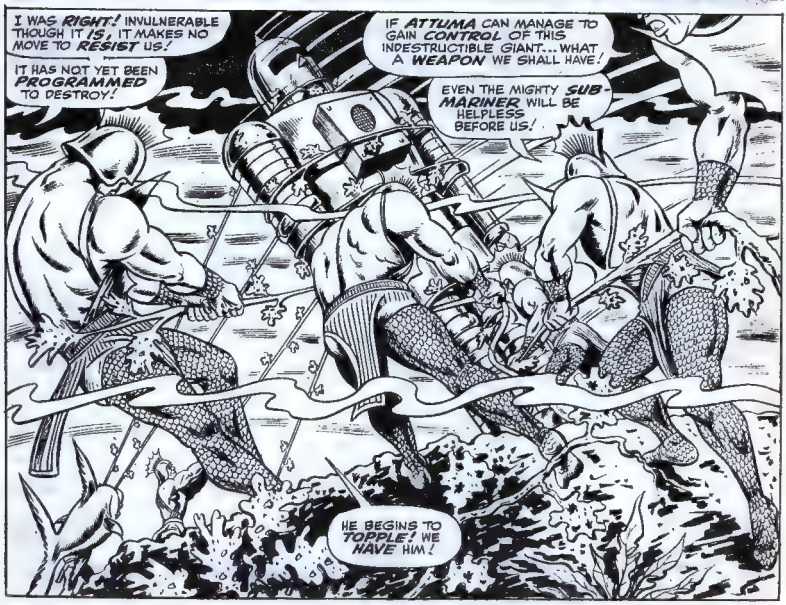

FIRE!
LET THE HANDIWORK OF NAMOR BE REDUCED TO ASHEN RUBBLE!


FOOSHH!

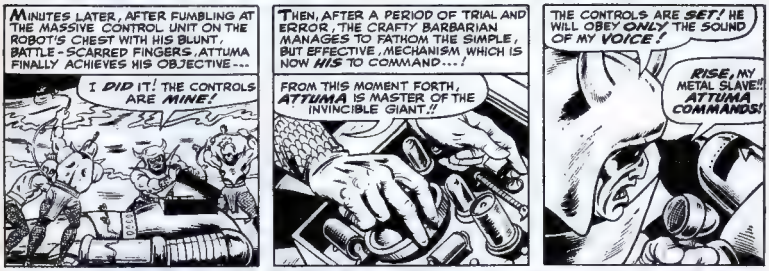
A PERFECT HIT! NOTHING CAN SAVE IT NOW!
STOOM!
THE RAYS ARE BATHING THE ENTIRE SURFACE OF THE ROBOT... GROWING HOTTER... HOTTER... WITH EVERY PASSING SECOND!

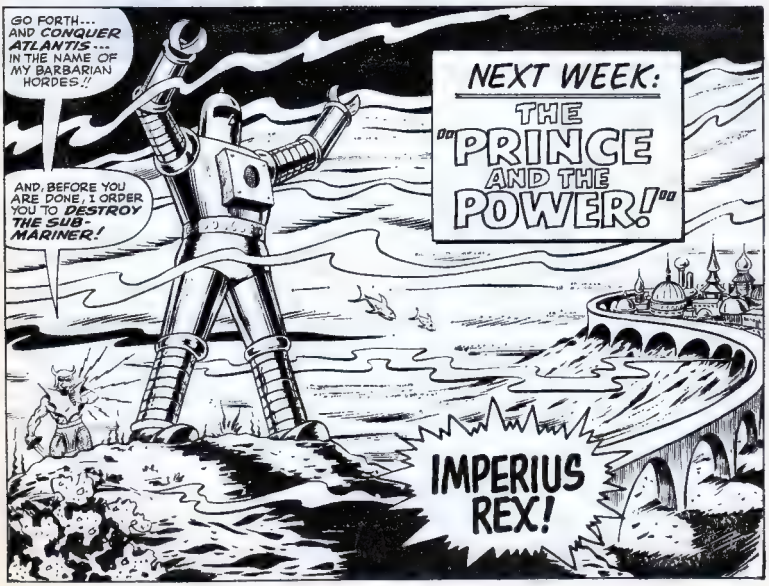

BUT THEN ...
IT ISN'T POSSIBLE! THEY... THEY'RE HAVING NO EFFECT!!
ZZZZ MMMMM

IT HAS WITHSTOOD THE FURY OF OUR MIGHTIEST WEAPON ... BUT IT HAS NOT ATTACKED US YET!
THERE IS STILL ONE THING TO DO ... WHILE WE HAVE THE CHANCE ...!
WE MUST REACH THE CONTROL BOX LOCATED ON ITS CHEST!


I WAS RIGHT! INVULNERABLE THOUGH IT IS, IT MAKES NO MOVE TO RESIST US!
IT HAS NOT YET BEEN PROGRAMMED TO DESTROY!
IF ATTUMA CAN MANAGE TO GAIN CONTROL OF THIS INDESTRUCTIBLE GIANT... WHAT, A WEAPON WE SHALL HAVE!
EVEN THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER WILL BE HELPLESS BEFORE US!
HE BEGINS TO TOPPLE! WE HAVE HIM!

THEN, SLOWLY....GENTLY--FEARING TO DAMAGE ANY OF THE SENSITIVE CONTROL DEVICES WHICH MIGHT BE LOCATED WITHIN THE METAL MONSTER...A DETAIL OF ATTUMA'S BARBARIANS LOWER THE AWESOME FIGURE TO THE GROUND...
THIS IS NO MERE TRICK OF NAMOR---BUT A STROKE OF FATE---GIVING ME THE ONE WEAPON I NEED TO GAIN CONTROL OF ATLANTIS..FOREVER!


MINUTES LATER, AFTER FUMBLING AT THE MASSIVE CONTROL UNIT ON THE ROBOT'S CHEST WITH HIS BLUNT, BATTLE-SCARRED FINGERS, ATTUMA FINALLY ACHIEVES HIS OBJECTIVE---
I DID IT! THE CONTROLS ARE MINE!
THEN, AFTER A PERIOD OF TRIAL AND ERROR, THE CRAFTY BARBARIAN MANAGES TO FATHOM THE SIMPLE, BUT EFFECTIVE, MECHANISM WHICH IS NOW HIS TO COMMAND...!
FROM THIS MOMENT FORTH, ATTUMA IS MASTER OF THE INVINCIBLE GIANT!!
THE CONTROLS ARE SET! HE WILL OBEY ONLY THE SOUND OF MY VOICE!
RISE, MY METAL SLAVE!! ATTUMA COMMANDS!


GO FORTH... AND CONQUER ATLANTIS... IN THE NAME OF MY BARBARIAN HORDES!!
AND, BEFORE YOU ARE DONE, I ORDER YOU TO DESTROY THE SUB-MARINER!
NEXT WEEK:
THE "PRINCE AND THE POWER!"
IMPERIUS REX!

TERRIFIC NEWS!

SEND YOUR LETTERS TO :—

TERRIFIC
64, LONG ACRE
LONDON, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,
When someone's letter gets printed in TERRIFIC you TERRIFICALLY send them one of the best kind of green notes. Well, why not make a sweatshirt with the Sub-Mariner, Thor, Iron Man, Giant Man, Cap. America on it? You could call the Sweatshirt the SMTIMGMCA. Can you guess where that comes from?—it's a code meaning Sweatshirt!
Stephen Whitworth,
Ampthill, Beds.

Well, Stephen, it's funny you should write to us about sweatshirts because pretty soon we will be making a little pronouncement on THAT subject !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Yesterday, I went on my school outing. While I was on the coach I told my friends all about FANTASTIC and TERRIFIC. I told my friends all about Thor, X-Men and Iron Man, too. They all thought it sounded super. When I got to the newsagent's shop the following Saturday, I could hardly believe my eyes for there, standing in a long line, were all my friends plus nearly half the school!
Michael Dix,
Newport, Mon.

Wowee, Mike, hope they weren't sold out by the time you got to the counter but if they were you have only yourself to blame ! Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
By the artful ankles of Alf, and the bristling bounce of Bart, this is the greatest boob since Thor mistook a sheep-shearer for a hairdresser. On the cover of ish 13 (unlucky for you) of TERRIFIC you had The Avengers. Instead of Giantman you had Goliath! Now, you know and I know that Giant-Man does not appear as Goliath until a number of stories after this, so how do you account for it?
Malcolm Alderson,
Consett, Durham.

Er . . . could be he went to a fancy dress ball that week, Malcolm ! Could be, of course, that we dropped in the wrong piece of art work as you, faithful ones, have pointed out by the score ! Ah well, back to the chain-gang !
Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,
Here are some jokes:
Ted: This is a dogwood tree'
Tourist: How can you tell?
Ted: Easy! By its bark!
Ted: Why are you running a steamroller over those potatoes?
Farmer: I thought it would be good to raise mashed potatoes this year.
Visitor: What do you grow in this field?
Farmer: Tired.
Village Bore: When I am in the dumps I get a new hat.
Mrs. Catty: So that's where you get them!
Cowboy: How do you like your chimney sweeping job?
Boy: It soots me.
At long last, the old farmer achieved a goal he had since 1938. He had brought a 1938 Cadillac!
Doc: You're looking much better, Elly.
Elly May: Will I be able to play the piano?
Doc: Certainly.
Elly May: Great! I never played it before!
Jim Swann,
Belfast 10, Eire.

Alf: Thank's for the gags, Jim, I've got one of my own . . .
Bart: ! ! ! Mmmm ! ! !
Alf: . . . But I'm using it !

Dear Alf and Bart,
A loud plea from me!
Yesterday my Mum got hold of my TERRIFIC and read it. She said it was a boy's paper and I couldn't have it any more! I spent half an hour trying to persuade her to let me have it. She thinks I should read a girls' "Brand X", but I think Power Comics are by far the best. So, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, tell me some way to keep getting my Power Comics

The Norse Gods all have very special names for their horses. GULLTOPP or GOLD CREST is the horse of HIEMDAL. SLEIPNIR is the eight legged horse of ODIN, and lots more. Also, why do LOKI and other bad guys always try to kill THOR when he and the other Gods are IMMORTALS?
Elspeth Eyre, (Miss),
Penketh, Lancs.

THOR might be an immortal, Miss Elspeth Eyre, but he can still take a hammering ! We suggest you continue to plead, plead, plead for Power.
Alf and Bart.

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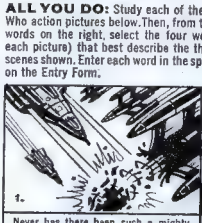
Hundreds of other prizes!

Wall's

ENTER THIS THRILLING SKY RAY COMPETITION

ALL YOU DO: Study each of the four Doctor Who action pictures below. Then, from the list of ten words on the right, select the four words (one for each picture) that best describe the thrilling battle scenes shown. Enter each word in the space provided on the Entry Form.

ACTION!	STORM!
FIRE!	DEVASTATE!
ASSAULT!	ATTACK!
FIGHT!	STRIKE!
CHARGE!	SHOOT!



1. Never has there been such a mighty conflict! Roaring through outer space, the Space Raiders scream into battle!

2. Dr. Who and the Space Raiders face a violent battle to save a planet from the invading scaly monsters!

3. It's the Daleks again! Dr. Who and the Space Raiders must outwit them once more to save the Space Station!

4. Braving the deadly rays of the Daleks, Dr. Who and the Space Raiders prepare to defend the Earth from invasion!

RULES

1. Any boy or girl up to the age of 15 years on 1st August, 1967, may enter this Competition organised by T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited Wall's House, Gloucester, except children of employees of T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited and their associated companies and their advertising agents and members of their families.

2. Judges for this Competition have been appointed by T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited. The decision of these judges will be final and binding on all competitors and no correspondence will be entered into. In making their decision the judges will take sex into consideration.
All entries will remain the property of T. Wall & Sons (Ice Cream) Limited.

3. The winning competitors will be informed by letter sent to them at the address on their Entry Form. Unsuccessful competitors will not be informed of the result but details of major prize-winners will be published in the children's press or available from Wall's on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope.

4. You may enter the Competition as many times as you like. But each entry must be on a separate Entry Form. Extra forms will be obtainable from your Wall's shop. If you send in two or more entries at any one time, one entry need not be accompanied by a wrapper.
CLOSING DATE FOR ENTRIES: 15th SEPTEMBER, 1967

—ENTRY FORM—

Fill in this Entry Form, cut around the dotted line and send ! Sky Ray wrapper with the completed Entry Form to:
SKY RAY SPACE RAIDERS, DEPT. TE4, T. WALL & SONS (ICE CREAM) LIMITED, WALL'S HOUSE, GLOUCESTER

Picture 1	WORD:	Picture 2	WORD:
Picture 3	WORD:	Picture 4	WORD:

Now write in not more than twelve words your idea of the ideal ice lolly. .....

BLOCK CAPITALS
NAME ..... AGE (on 1st August, 1967) .....
ADDRESS .....
TOWN ..... COUNTY .....

I certify that this entry is the unaided work of the above and that he/she agrees to abide by the rules of the Competition.

SIGNED ..... Parent or Guardian

NOTE: To avoid cutting your comic you can get an Entry Form from your Wall's shop. Wall's Dr. Who's Space Adventure Book will be on sale there, too!

LINTAS 13K 16-9028-60

THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!
"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH!"
POSSIBLY THE MOST MEMORABLE ILLUSTRATED STORY YOU WILL READ THIS YEAR!
WAIT, THOR! I'LL TACKLE THEM!
HOLD IT, HIGH POCKETS! THEY'VE GOT AN ACE UP THEIR SLEEVES!
STAY BACK, AVENGERS! IF YOU DARE TO ATTACK US, THINK OF THE DAMAGE WE WILL DO TO THE CITY! THINK OF THE LIVES THAT MAY BE LOST!
THE EXECUTIONER IS RIGHT!
YET, WE CANNOT ALLOW THE MASTERS OF EVIL TO ESCAPE!
JUST THIS ONCE, LET'S START WITHOUT ANY INTRODUCTION! IF YOU REMEMBER OUR LAST ISH, YOU'LL KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON! IF NOT, DON'T BE BASHFUL--- TURN THE PAGE---
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965

THEY'RE ONLY BLUFFING! I SAY WE SHOULD TACKLE THEM NOW!
BUT IF ANY INNOCENT BYSTANDERS GET HURT--!
WE DARE NOT CHANCE IT! WE MUST FIND ANOTHER WAY!

AT A MOMENT LIKE THIS, WOULD THAT WE HAD THE WISDOM OF ODIN!!
FOR OUR POWER ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH!

AND SO, WE FIND THE MIGHTY AVENGERS FACING THE RUTHLESS MASTERS OF EVIL, JUST AS WE LEFT THEM LAST WEEK—SEEMINGLY DEADLOCKED!
SURRENDER, AVENGERS!
YOU FEAR FOR THE SAFETY OF THE PUBLIC --BUT WE DON'T CARE WHO GETS HURT! THE ADVANTAGE IS OURS!
THEY'VE NO OTHER CHOICE!
BAH! THEIR SURRENDER WILL BE TOO UNSATISFYING! WE MUST SMASH THEM--WITH OUR OWN SUPER-POWERS, OUR OWN RAGING ATTACK!
THIS IS THE MOMENT--WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA GONE--WHILE THEY ARE NOT AT FULL FIGHTING STRENGTH! THERE ARE NO OTHERS TO HELP THEM!

MELTER! GIVE THEM A SMALL EXAMPLE OF OUR LIMITLESS POWER!
LOOK, AVENGERS! FIRST I MELT A LAMPPOST--NEXT, I'LL TURN MY INVINCIBLE BEAM ON YOU!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY, THOR! YOU'VE GOT TO USE PLAN D! CAN YOU DO IT?
OF COURSE! I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT MYSELF! STAY BACK, ALL OF YOU!!

PLAN D!! OUR LAST RESORT!
BUT, CAN YOU DO IT FAST ENOUGH??
HURRY, THOR! THEY SEE WHAT YOU'RE UP TO! THEY'RE STARTING TO SCATTER!
I ONLY NEED ANOTHER TWO SECONDS!!

MELTER!! BLACK KNIGHT!! RUN, YOU FOOLS--RUN!
IT IS TOO LATE FOR THEM! ONLY WE CAN ESCAPE!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? WHAT IS THOR DOING??

BUT, BEFORE ANYONE CAN ANSWER, THE MYSTERIOUS MELTER AND THE ARMOUR-CLAD BLACK KNIGHT FIND THEMSELVES TRAPPED WITHIN A DIMENSIONAL SPACE WARP, CAUSED BY THE UNEARTHLY ENERGY OF THOR'S SWINGING HAMMER!
EVERYTHING IS SPINNING AROUND--GROWING HAZY--!
WE'RE TRAVELLING AT FANTASTIC SPEED--WHILE STANDING STILL!!

THEN FINALLY, WITH A BLINDING FLASH OF INTER-DIMENSIONAL FORCE, IT IS FINISHED!

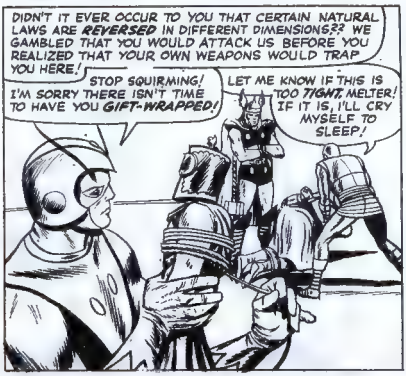
THEY'RE GONE! ONLY WE TWO REMAIN!
WE DARE NOT FACE THE ANGER OF AN ENTIRE CITY! WE MUST FLEE WHILE WE STILL CAN! OUR CHANCE WILL COME ANOTHER TIME!
YOU ARE RIGHT, ENCHANTRESS! TOO BAD THE MELTER AND BLACK KNIGHT WERE NOT IMMORTALS! THEY HAD NO WAY OF RECOGNIZING WHAT THOR WAS DOING TO THEM!
AND, EVEN AS THE EXECUTIONER SPEAKS, COUNTLESS DIMENSIONS AWAY IN A BLEAK AND BARREN WORLD, WE FIND...

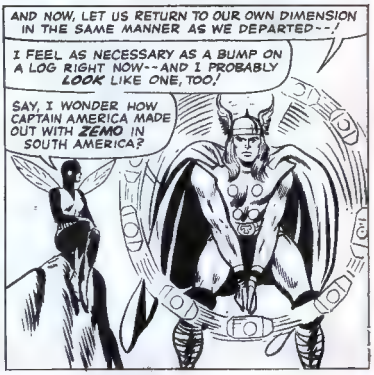
NOW YOU'LL LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO CHALLENGE THE MIGHTY AVENGERS!
EMPTY WORDS, GIANT-MAN! WE'LL BEAT YOU YET!

WE KNOW YOU ARE SWORN NEVER TO TAKE HUMAN LIFE!
BUT WE'RE NOT BOUND BY ANY SUCH STUPID OATH! SO THE ODDS ARE STILL IN OUR FAVOUR!

USE YOUR BEAM, MELTER--FULL FORCE! I'LL ATTACK WITH MY ATOMIC LANCE!!
THEY DIDN'T EXPECT THIS! IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP US! WE'VE GOT THEM!

BUT THEN...
MY LANCE HAD NO EFFECT! AND THE RECOIL BOWLED US OVER!! HOW?? WHY??
WE WERE HOPING YOU'D ASK!!
MY BEAM!! IT BACKFIRED-- IF I HADN'T STOPPED IT IN TIME, I'D HAVE BEEN KILLED!
AND WE WOULDN'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN, WOULD WE??


DIDN'T IT EVER OCCUR TO YOU THAT CERTAIN NATURAL LAWS ARE REVERSED IN DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS?? WE GAMBLED THAT YOU WOULD ATTACK US BEFORE YOU REALIZED THAT YOUR OWN WEAPONS WOULD TRAP YOU HERE!
STOP SQUIRMING! I'M SORRY THERE ISN'T TIME TO HAVE YOU GIFT-WRAPPED!
LET ME KNOW IF THIS IS TOO TIGHT, MELTER! IF IT IS, I'LL CRY MYSELF TO SLEEP!


AND NOW, LET US RETURN TO OUR OWN DIMENSION IN THE SAME MANNER AS WE DEPARTED--!
I FEEL AS NECESSARY AS A BUMP ON A LOG RIGHT NOW--AND I PROBABLY LOOK LIKE ONE, TOO!
SAY, I WONDER HOW CAPTAIN AMERICA MADE OUT WITH ZEMO IN SOUTH AMERICA?

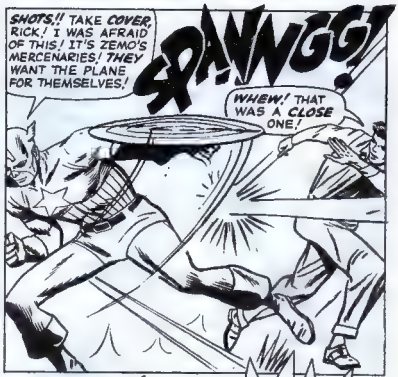
AND, AS THE AVENGERS LEAVE THE ALIEN DIMENSION, THEY HAVE NO WAY OF KNOWING THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS ALREADY CONCLUDED HIS LAST BATTLE WITH THE MURDEROUS ZEMO--A BATTLE WHICH HAS ENDED IN THE ARCH-VILLAIN'S DEATH.!*

SO IT'S OVER AT LAST! I SHOULD FEEL A SENSE OF ELATION. BUT--I DON'T!

ALL I FEEL IS A STRANGE *EMPTINESS*, AND A NUMB SENSE OF DISBELIEF!

BUT YOU *WON*, CAP! WITH EVERYTHING AGAINST YOU--ON HIS OWN HOME GROUND---YOU *BEAT* HIM!

*AS SHOWN LAST WEEK — *BART*.



YOU HAVEN'T STOPPED US YET! I'LL FINISH YOU OFF WITH THIS GRENADE!

NOT WITH AN AIM LIKE THAT YOU WON'T!

DUCK, CAP!!

I'M 'WAY AHEAD OF YOU, SON!

BUT, AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE HASTILY THROWN GRENADE, FALLING WIDE OF ITS MARK, STRIKES THE JET PLANE'S FUEL TANK INSTEAD!

WHOOM

CAP! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY!

LET THEM GO, RICK! THERE'S NO PLACE FOR THEM TO RUN EXCEPT DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE! AND THE NATIVES WILL BE WAITING FOR THEM THERE!

AS FOR US... I HAVE AN IDEA--!

BUT, LET US LEAVE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND RICK JONES ONCE AGAIN, AS WE RETURN TO AVENGERS HQ. IN A MANSION ON MANHATTAN'S UPPER EAST SIDE...

THE BLACK KNIGHT AND THE MELTER ARE BACK IN POLICE CUSTODY, AND THE EXECUTIONER AND ENCHANTRESS HAVE VANISHED AGAIN! NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

WAIT'LL I GET DOWN TO YOUR SIZE, PARTNER! IT'S KINDA HARD TO HEAR YOU UP THERE! BY THE WAY, WHERE'S THOR?

HE CAN'T BE HERE TODAY! HE MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT HAVING TO GO TO ASGARD AND RAN OFF!

AND STILL NO WORD FROM CAP!

BUT HE DIDN'T WANT US TO BUTT IN--HE SAID IT WAS A PRIVATE FIGHT!

THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN WANTING TO SAY--

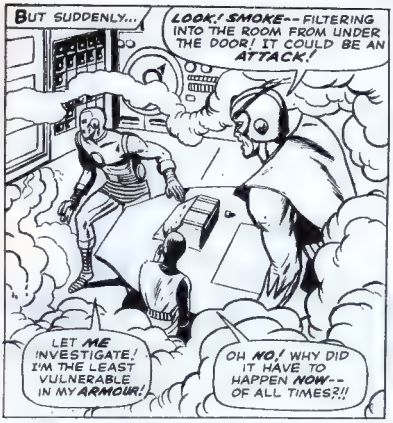
--AND THIS SEEMS TO BE AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO SAY IT!

WHY DON'T ALL OF US TAKE A LEAVE OF ABSENCE? EVERYBODY DESERVES A VACATION SOMETIME! I-I'D LIKE TO LEAD A NORMAL LIFE FOR A WHILE--JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE! I'M TIRED OF ALL THIS FIGHTING--THIS CONSTANT DANGER AND TURMOIL--!

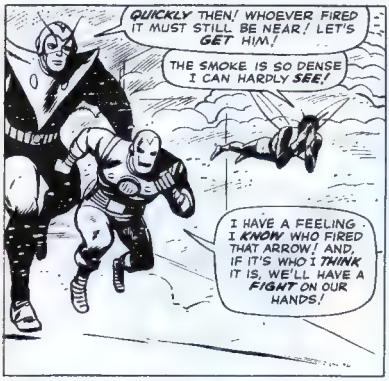
I'M A FOOL, HONEY! I NEVER THOUGHT HOW TOUGH IT MUST BE FOR YOU!

FOR ALL OF US, GIANT-MAN! EVEN I WISH IT WOULD END SOME DAY!

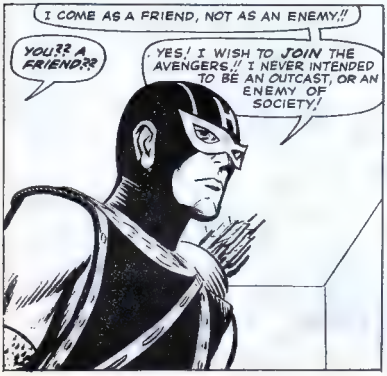
IN FACT, WHY DON'T WE DISBAND WHILE WE HAVE THE CHANCE??


BUT SUDDENLY...
LOOK! SMOKE--FILTERING INTO THE ROOM FROM UNDER THE DOOR! IT COULD BE AN ATTACK!
LET ME INVESTIGATE! I'M THE LEAST VULNERABLE IN MY ARMOUR!
OH NO! WHY DID IT HAVE TO HAPPEN NOW--OF ALL TIMES?!!

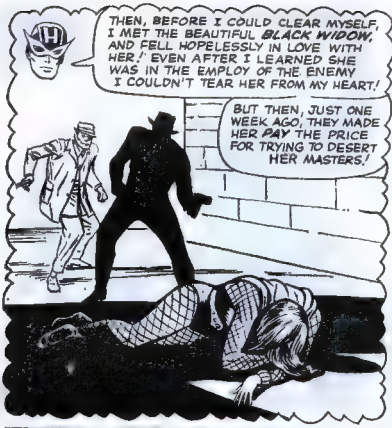
IT'S COMING FROM BEHIND THE DOOR! SOMETHING IS STUCK ONTO THE BACK! IT'S AN ARROW!

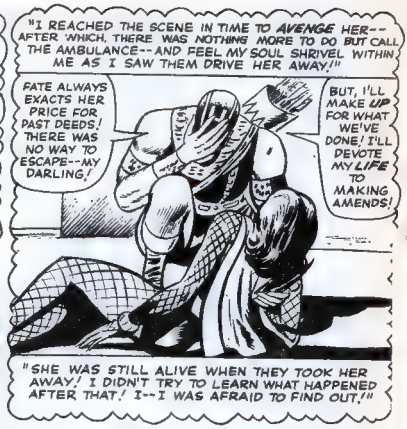

QUICKLY THEN! WHOEVER FIRED IT MUST STILL BE NEAR! LET'S GET HIM!
THE SMOKE IS SO DENSE I CAN HARDLY SEE!
I HAVE A FEELING I KNOW WHO FIRED THAT ARROW! AND, IF IT'S WHO I THINK IT IS, WE'LL HAVE A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!

I WAS RIGHT!! IT'S--
HAWKEYE!!
LOOK! TONY STARK'S BUTLER IS TIED UP--THAT'S HOW HE MANAGED TO GET IN!
STOP--ALL OF YOU!
SEE THIS WEEK'S FANTASTIC WHERE WE PRESENT IRON MAN'S EPIC BUST UP WITH HAWKEYE...


I COME AS A FRIEND, NOT AS AN ENEMY!!
YOU?? A FRIEND??
YES! I WISH TO JOIN THE AVENGERS!! I NEVER INTENDED TO BE AN OUTCAST, OR AN ENEMY OF SOCIETY!

"I ALWAYS WISHED TO USE MY SKILLS, MY POWERS TO AID THE PUBLIC, BUT A CAPRICIOUS ACCIDENT OF FATE MADE THE POLICE THINK I WAS A MENACE!!"
STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
I WANTED TO HELP THEM--BUT THEY MISUNDERSTOOD!


THEN, BEFORE I COULD CLEAR MYSELF, I MET THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK WIDOW, AND FELL HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH HER! EVEN AFTER I LEARNED SHE WAS IN THE EMPLOY OF THE ENEMY I COULDN'T TEAR HER FROM MY HEART!
BUT THEN, JUST ONE WEEK AGO, THEY MADE HER PAY THE PRICE FOR TRYING TO DESERT HER MASTERS!


"I REACHED THE SCENE IN TIME TO AVENGE HER--AFTER WHICH, THERE WAS NOTHING MORE TO DO BUT CALL THE AMBULANCE--AND FEEL MY SOUL SHRIVEL WITHIN ME AS I SAW THEM DRIVE HER AWAY!"
FATE ALWAYS EXACTS HER PRICE FOR PAST DEEDS! THERE WAS NO WAY TO ESCAPE--MY DARLING!
BUT, I'LL MAKE UP FOR WHAT WE'VE DONE! I'LL DEVOTE MY LIFE TO MAKING AMENDS!
"SHE WAS STILL ALIVE WHEN THEY TOOK HER AWAY! I DIDN'T TRY TO LEARN WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT! I--I WAS AFRAID TO FIND OUT!"

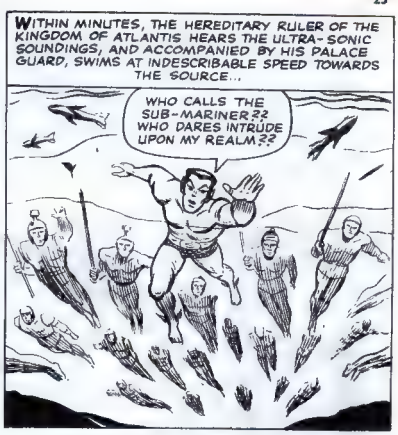
I BELIEVE YOU HAWKEYE! BUT--THE OTHER AVENGERS MUST ALSO ACCEPT YOU FOR MEMBERSHIP!
WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING??
I'M GOING TO PROVE MY WORTH TO ALL OF YOU!

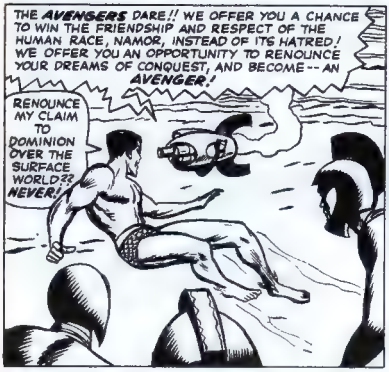
YOU'VE FACED ME IN BATTLE, IRON MAN--BUT THEY HAVEN'T! THIS WILL SHOW THEM MY SKILL!
IT WAS I WHO TIED UP THE BUTLER, SO IT'S ONLY FITTING THAT I BE THE ONE TO FREE HIM--MY WAY!

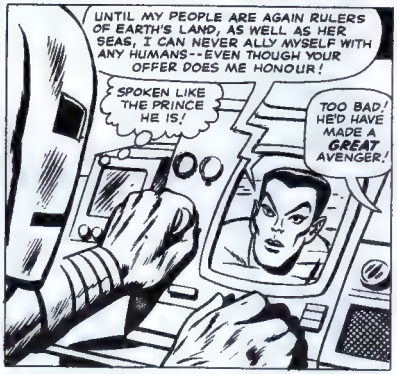
AT THE SAME SPLIT-SECOND, THREE ARROWS FIND THEIR MARK AS ONE, AND THE MOTIONLESS MAN IS FREE ONCE AGAIN!
ZZZZZZIT!
TWANNNNNG!
SSSSSSST!

THAT'S ONLY A SAMPLE! I HAVE ARROWS FOR EVERY PURPOSE--FITTED WITH EVERY CONCEIVABLE TYPE OF WEAPON!
I'M SOLD! HOW ABOUT YOU, WASP?
VA VA VOOOM! OH--EH--I MEAN--HE OUGHT TO DO FINE!
THE TIMING IS PERFECT, HAWKEYE! WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR REPLACEMENTS! I'LL GIVE YOU AN AVENGERS' MANUAL SO YOU CAN STUDY OUR BY-LAWS!

THE NEXT DAY, A NUCLEAR-POWERED REMOTE CONTROL UNDERSEA TV SCANNER PROBES THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS NEAR THE LAST KNOWN APPEARANCE OF THE REGAL SUB-MARINER...
AVENGERS CALLING PRINCE NAMOR! AVENGERS CALLING PRINCE NAMOR! DO YOU HEAR US, SUB-MARINER??


WITHIN MINUTES, THE HEREDITARY RULER OF THE KINGDOM OF ATLANTIS HEARS THE ULTRA-SONIC SOUNDINGS, AND ACCOMPANIED BY HIS PALACE GUARD, SWIMS AT INDESCRIBABLE SPEED TOWARDS THE SOURCE...
WHO CALLS THE SUB-MARINER?? WHO DARES INTRUDE UPON MY REALM??


THE AVENGERS DARE!! WE OFFER YOU A CHANCE TO WIN THE FRIENDSHIP AND RESPECT OF THE HUMAN RACE, NAMOR, INSTEAD OF ITS HATRED! WE OFFER YOU AN OPPORTUNITY TO RENOUNCE YOUR DREAMS OF CONQUEST, AND BECOME -- AN AVENGER!
RENOUNCE MY CLAIM TO DOMINION OVER THE SURFACE WORLD?? NEVER!


UNTIL MY PEOPLE ARE AGAIN RULERS OF EARTH'S LAND, AS WELL AS HER SEAS, I CAN NEVER ALLY MYSELF WITH ANY HUMANS -- EVEN THOUGH YOUR OFFER DOES ME HONOUR!
SPOKEN LIKE THE PRINCE HE IS!
TOO BAD! HE'D HAVE MADE A GREAT AVENGER!

BUT, IN AN ISOLATED SWISS CHALET, HIGH IN THE SURFACE WORLD, A GRACEFUL BLACK-HAIRED BEAUTY WATCHES THE FASTEST HUMAN ON EARTH RACING TOWARDS HER FROM THE VALLEY BEYOND...
WANDA, MY SISTER! I HAVE THRILLING NEWS!!
WHAT IS IT, PIETRO? WHAT HAS HAPPENED??

SEE TODAY'S NEWSPAPER --- ON THE SECOND PAGE -- ABOUT THE AVENGERS!! READ IT, WANDA!
IT HAS BEEN LEARNED BY A RELIABLE SOURCE THAT THE MIGHTY AVENGERS HAVE ACCEPTED THE DASHING HAWK-EYE AS A PROBATIONARY MEMBER, AND ARE CONSIDERING OTHER APPLICANTS AS REPLACEMENTS....!
THIS COULD BE OUR CHANCE, MY SISTER!

SILENTLY, THE DRAMATIC COUPLE RETURN TO THEIR ROOMS, ONLY TO REAPPEAR ON THE TERRACE MOMENTS LATER AS--THE ***SCARLET WITCH***, AND ***QUICKSILVER!!***

YOU ARE THE ELDEST, PIETRO, AND I SHALL DO AS YOU SAY! BUT, I THOUGHT WE HAD VOWED NEVER AGAIN TO USE OUR SUPER-POWERS FOR OTHERS!

ONLY BECAUSE WE HAD BEEN CRUELLY EXPLOITED BY ***MAGNETO***, MY SISTER!

YES! I SHALL NEVER FORGET HOW HE ONCE SAVED OUR LIVES, AND THEN MADE US REPAY HIM BY SERVING HIS VILLAINOUS CAUSE IN HIS BAND OF ***EVIL MUTANTS!*** I STILL TREMBLE AT THE THOUGHT OF HIS POWER--THE WAY HE RULED OVER ALL OF US!*

*AS SHOWN IN PRACTICALLY EVERY ISSUE OF ***FANTASTIC***--BART.

BECAUSE OF MAGNETO, WE WERE FORCED TO BATTLE THE VALIANT ***X-MEN***, EVEN THOUGH OUR HEARTS SECRETLY FAVOURED THE JUSTICE OF THEIR CAUSE! BUT, WHY DID YOU NOT JOIN ***THEM***, WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE??

BECAUSE I WISHED TO ***FORGET*** THAT WE ARE ***HOMO SUPERIOR***--BORN WITH POWERS DENIED TO ORDINARY HUMAN BEINGS!

BUT, THE ***AVENGERS*** MIGHT ACCEPT US WITHOUT CARING THAT WE ARE ***DIFFERENT***--WITHOUT ALWAYS REMINDING US--WE'RE ***MUTANTS!!***

I SHALL DO AS YOU WISH, MY BROTHER!

AND SO, THAT VERY AFTER-NOON, A FATEFUL LETTER IS WRITTEN TO THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST SUPER-TEAM...

To the Avengers,
Attention: Acting Chairman.
My sister and I are interested in your

BE WITH US WHEN THE LETTER ARRIVES... NEXT WEEK!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

YOU ASKED FOR IT ! So here's the first of our series of cogent comments on aspects of comic-magazine publishing ! The subject ? The boy who starts the whole story-ball rolling ! The SCRIPTWRITER !

Having consulted with his editor as to what *type* of story is needed, the ball then falls into the scriptwriter's court ! For it is he who must dream up the story and characters . . . and doesn't that sound *easy*, put down like that ? Next he must break up his story, without loss of impact or clarity, into pictures ! Then, as well as write captions and dialogue HE MUST INSTRUCT THE *ARTIST* ON WHAT GOES INTO EACH PICTURE ! To do this he must be something of an *artist* himself, and it is this writer/artist combination that makes a good scriptwriter a very rare and precious bird indeed, and sets him well apart from other scribes !

A scriptwriter must possess a quick-thinking and *imaginative* mind, for he *could* be asked to think-up two, three or *even more* story plots A DAY ! As well as *write* them ! ! *And* under the shadow of a merciless 'deadline'.

This, then, is our boy ! A hardworking word-slinger with a talent for clear story-telling and a fine ear for phrase and dialogue. An instant plot-maker and artist-on-a-typewriter ! But above all he is someone who ENJOYS his job ! Whether he's writing a super-hero tale, a war, western, sport or humour story, he must know what he is writing about and have FUN doing it ! Because that sense of fun, that enjoyment, is always reflected in his stories. Which usually means that *you*, as a reader, will enjoy what he writes ! And *that* is the most important thing of *all*.

So that just about wraps up lesson one ! Still want to be a script-scribe ? Next subject (aimed at all you frantic ones who fancy your chances, career-wise, with brush and pencil) will be the picture story ARTIST ! Till then . . . class dismiss !

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Philip Barrowcliffe, Mansfield, Notts. ; John Elliott, Penrith ; Kenneth Morris, Sheffield, Yorks. ; Jonathan Kay, Evesham, Worcs. ; Brian McCann, Lurgan, Co. Armagh ; Stephen Dunn, Melbourne, Australia ; P. Toseland, Kettering, Northants. ; T. Visnic, Huddersfield, Yorks. ; Robert Fowler, Leigh, Lancs. ; Sir John Emery, Biggleswade, Beds. ; Colin McGowan, Glasgow ; Paul Maitland, Hull ; Sergio Antoniwez, Perth, Scotland ; Terry Plimmer, London ; M. Flello, Kidderminster, Worcs. ; Barry Phillips, Newcastle-upon-Tyne ; John Miller, Godalming, Surrey , Robert Mexem, St. Albans, Herts. ; K. White, Sutton-on-Hull, Yorks ; P. Major, Barnsley, Yorks.

WHOOOOOPS ! We're in trouble again ! And, honest, we just thought we were helping folks out ! 'Member we informed keen COLLECTORS of Power Papers that if they were missing any issues of their favourite lively literature, all they need do was write to our Back Numbers Department, Odhams Press Ltd., 8-9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Well, we kind of forgot, that, cruel world that this is, there's not so much going around for free ! ! *Seems our badgered Back Numbers boys have been swamped with requests for back-dated issues . . . but not with* postal orders *for same ! In other words THEY HAVE TO BE PAID FOR ! So to put things right all round, here's what they cost:*

POW, SMASH, WHAM . . . 7d. plus 3d. postage (1 copy) 5d. postage (2 copies). FANTASTIC, TERRIFIC . . . 9d. plus 5d. postage (1 copy) 6d. postage (2 copies). (For each copy over two in number add 1d. to postage.)

(And cheap they would be at ten times the price, right ? Right !)

ODD SPORTS

WAITER !

Where once the ancient Romans crowded to watch gladiators fight to the death, the citizens of modern Rome throng the Colosseum once every summer to cheer on the runners in the annual waiters' race.

Nearly two hundred waiters from cafes and restaurants throughout the city take part. Each of the waiters wears a long white apron and carries in one hand a round tray on which is a full decanter and half-a-dozen glasses filled with wine.

The winner is the waiter who is first to run round the arena without spilling wine from any of the glasses. The race is a test of balancing rather than speed, and most of the competitors meet with disaster by tripping and dropping their trays long before they complete half the course.

At the end of the race, stewards carefully examine the trays to see that no wine has been spilled. Even a drop of wine on a tray means the runner's immediate disqualification.

Some years ago a winner was disqualified when it was discovered that he had painted the insides of his glasses red and glued them to his tray. To stop anyone repeating that bright idea, stewards fill the glasses and place them on the trays before the start of the race.

Bird Snatching

In some country districts of Bavaria they still play the ancient sport of cock catching, although the bird is now a dead one instead of a live one.

On the day of the contest, competitors arrive on horseback at eight o'clock in the morning.

The riders, who number anything up to 50, line up behind a starting tape. The course is across country, and is rather like that of a steeplechase as there are a number of hedges and streams to jump.

The finishing post, which is about three miles from the start, consists of a high arch. From the centre of the arch a dead cock hangs by its feet.

When the starting tape is dropped, the competitors start riding as hard as they can across the course to the finishing arch.

As the leading rider comes at full gallop under the arch he has to rise in his stirrups and snatch the cock off the arch. This is not as easy as it may seem, as the rider may lose his balance or miss the cock as his horse gallops through the arch.

In fact it is not always the first rider through the arch who wins, but the first one through the arch with the cock in his hand. At a recent race, the fourth rider was the winner, as the first, second and third through the arch all missed the cock.

CAMEL DERBY

In Arab countries camel racing is almost as popular as horse racing in England. The camels are of the single humped type called dromedaries, and are specially trained for the purpose.

At certain times of the year, the Arabs hold camel Derbies at which the fastest camels from scores of places are entered to race for money prizes. Some of the animals are capable of a speed of nearly thirty miles an hour over short distances.

Very often camel Derbies include endurance tests. In one of these, the winner is the camel that covers the greatest distance across a desert course. The record is 115 miles in eleven hours.

Another endurance test is for the best average speed in miles an hour for the greatest distance. So far, the best performance was by a camel that kept up a steady pace of ten miles an hour for 18 hours.

An even more severe endurance test is for the camel that can carry the heaviest load furthest between sunrise and sunset !

OFFICIALLY RECOMMENDED BY THE ENGLISH SCHOOLS FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

Sensational
POWER-POINTS
These fantastic new boots make winning football easy!

Regd. Design

Power-Points are here – and that means action! They're the *only* football boots in the world with specially numbered target areas . . . so you're in on all the tricks of ball control. The illustrated booklet shown below gives you all the *secrets* of getting the most from your Power-Points boots. Read it, learn how to use the numbered areas, and you'll play like a champion!

There have never been boots like these before. They're precision-made, light, flexible, and long-wearing. A lot of skill and care went into the making of Power-Points so you can be *sure* they're tough enough to stand the roughest play! But the best thing of all are the numbered target-areas that help you play *winning* football.

Regd. Trade Mark

Real professional-type, semi-soft toe piece!

Good and firm enough to protect your feet, yet soft enough to allow you to 'feel' the ball on contact.

Replaceable studs!

High-quality. . . easy to remove . . . with a free stud key. You can change your studs to suit pitch conditions!

Specially numbered target areas!

This is the big, big news! The fantastic easy way to winning football! Each target area shows you the professional ways of controlling the ball. Each target area teaches you the skills and tricks of top-quality football.

Power-Points come in full sizes to fit all boys: Boy's sizes 11-1 54/11d. 2-5 59/11d. Youth sizes 6-11 69/11d.

For any further information write enclosing a S.A.E. to The British Bata Shoe Co. Ltd. (POWER-POINTS Dept.) East Tilbury, Essex

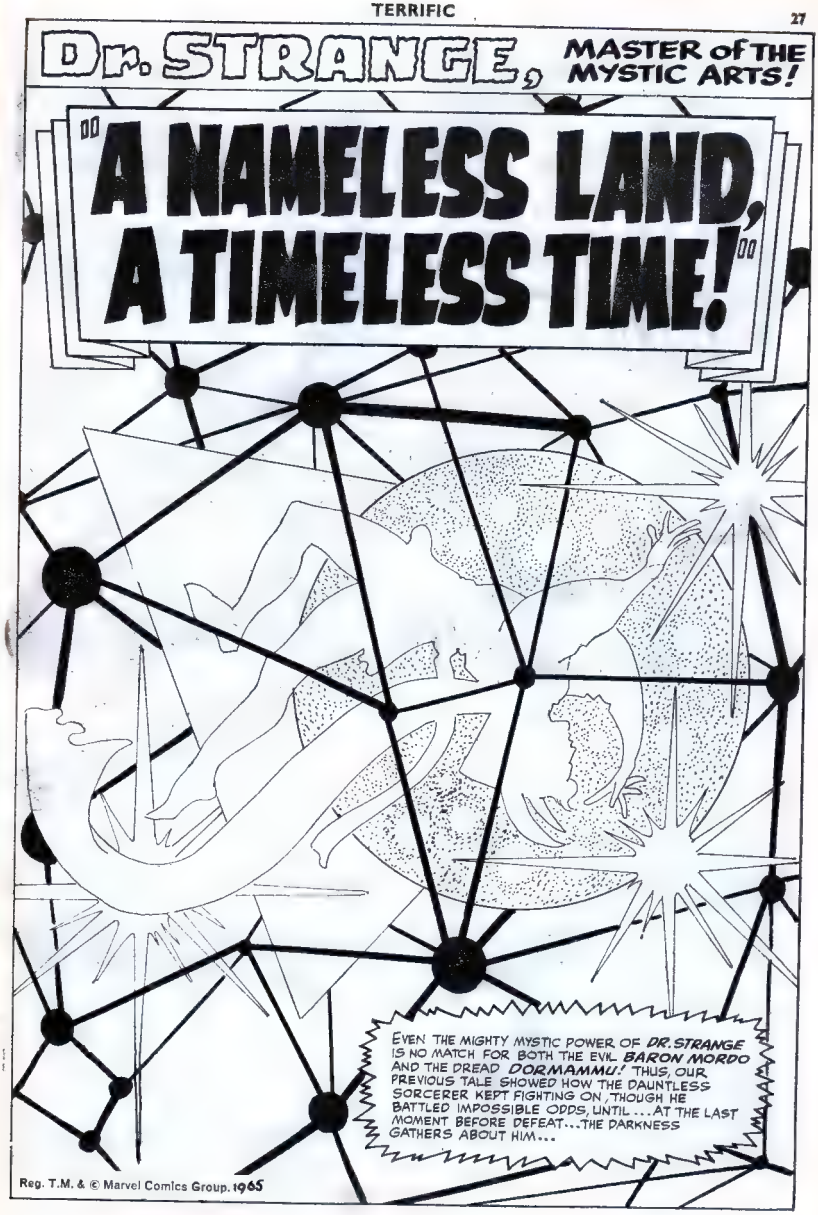
Hurry and get your Power-Points now – and you'll wonder how you ever played without them! But move! Remember, Power-Points are sure to be selling fast, and you don't want to be caught without a pair. So get along to your shoe or sports shop fast – then get out and start playing game-winning football!

Free colour booklet!

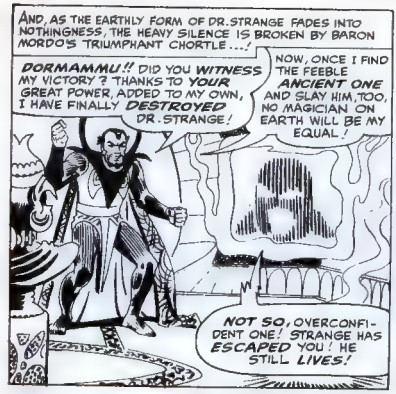
With every pair of Power-Points you get an *absolutely free* booklet, written by a Senior F.A. Staff Coach and cram-full of vital information about how to make the most of your Power-Points – as well as invaluable tips that are sure to do wonders for your game!

POWER-POINTS MAKE WINNING FOOTBALL EASY!

Dr. STRANGE, MASTER of the MYSTIC ARTS!



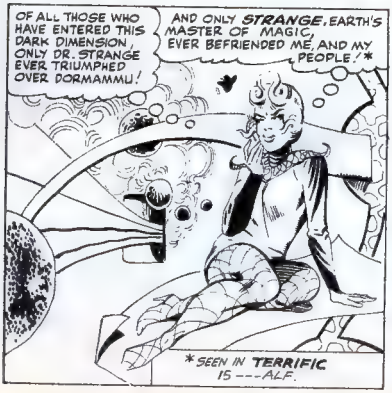
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group. 1965


AND, AS THE EARTHLY FORM OF DR. STRANGE FADES INTO NOTHINGNESS, THE HEAVY SILENCE IS BROKEN BY BARON MORDO'S TRIUMPHANT CHORTLE ...!
DORMAMMU!! DID YOU WITNESS MY VICTORY? THANKS TO YOUR GREAT POWER, ADDED TO MY OWN, I HAVE FINALLY DESTROYED DR. STRANGE!
NOW, ONCE I FIND THE FEEBLE ANCIENT ONE AND SLAY HIM, TOO, NO MAGICIAN ON EARTH WILL BE MY EQUAL!
NOT SO, OVERCONFIDENT ONE! STRANGE HAS ESCAPED YOU! HE STILL LIVES!

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! YOU'RE SAYING THAT TO TORMENT ME! YOU SAW HIM FADE INTO NOTHINGNESS ... YOU MUST HAVE SEEN IT!
BAH! COULD YOU NOT SENSE THAT HE SUMMONED ALL HIS REMAINING POWER AND MERELY TRANSPORTED HIMSELF OUT OF YOUR OWN DIMENSION!

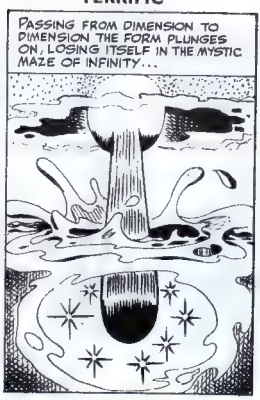
HEAR ME, DREADED DORMAMMU! YOU MUST INCREASE MY POWER STILL MORE, SO THAT I CAN FOLLOW HIM! WE MUST NOT LET HIM ESCAPE US NOW!
SILENCE!! THE DIMENSIONS OF INFINITY ARE ENDLESS! YOU COULD NEVER FIND HIM! YOUR ONLY HOPE IS TO WAIT! SOONER OR LATER, HE WILL RETURN... PROVIDED HE SURVIVES HIS UNKNOWN JOURNEY!

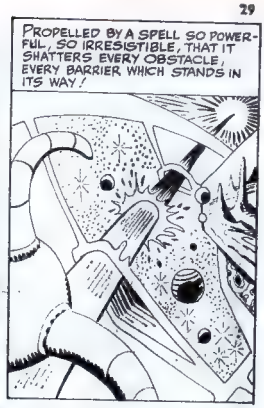
AND, AS THE DREAD DORMAMMU BREAKS OFF COMMUNICATION WITH HIS EVIL ALLY, OTHER EARS ALSO HAVE HEARD HIS PRONOUNCEMENT...
REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE! THOUGH THE WAIT SEEMS ETERNAL YOU MUST NOT LEAVE! I HAVE SPOKEN!
IT IS AS I FEARED! THE DREADED ONE HIMSELF IS SEEKING REVENGE ON DR. STRANGE!


OF ALL THOSE WHO HAVE ENTERED THIS DARK DIMENSION, ONLY DR. STRANGE EVER TRIUMPHED OVER DORMAMMU!
AND ONLY STRANGE, EARTH'S MASTER OF MAGIC, EVER BEFRIENDED ME, AND MY PEOPLE!*
*SEEN IN TERRIFIC 15 --- ALF.

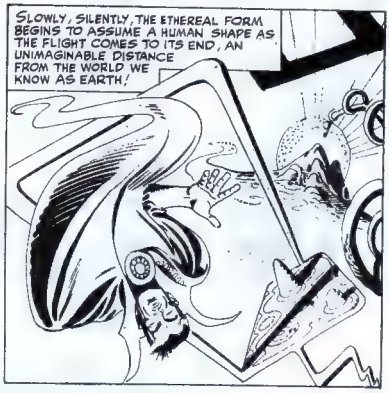
IF ONLY I COULD REACH HIM ... WARN HIM! BUT, THERE IS NO WAY! AS THE DREADED ONE SAID, THERE ARE DIMENSIONS WITHOUT END WITHIN THIS UNIVERSE ... AND NONE CAN KNOW WHICH ONE WILL CLAIM DR. STRANGE!

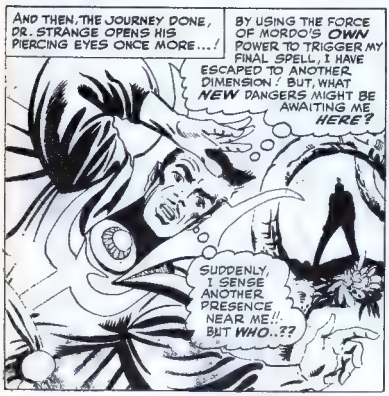
AND, EVEN AS THE DISTRAUGHT FEMALE PONDERS THE FATE OF THE FLEEING MAGICIAN, A SHAPELESS FORM HURTLES THROUGH THE INFINITE, AT A SPEED BEYOND HUMAN COMPREHENSION!


PASSING FROM DIMENSION TO DIMENSION THE FORM PLUNGES ON, LOSING ITSELF IN THE MYSTIC MAZE OF INFINITY...


PROPELLED BY A SPELL SO POWERFUL, SO IRRESISTIBLE, THAT IT SHATTERS EVERY OBSTACLE, EVERY BARRIER WHICH STANDS IN ITS WAY!

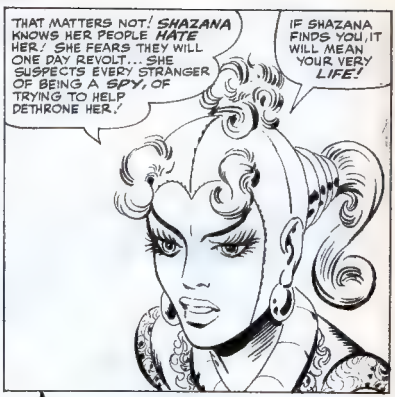
UNTIL, AT LAST, THE ENERGY OF THE SPELL IS EXHAUSTED, AND THE SPEEDING, LIVING ENTITY SLOWS ITS PACE, COMING TO REST IN A DIFFERENT DIMENSION... A NAMELESS LAND... A TIMELESS TIME!


SLOWLY, SILENTLY, THE ETHEREAL FORM BEGINS TO ASSUME A HUMAN SHAPE AS THE FLIGHT COMES TO ITS END, AN UNIMAGINABLE DISTANCE FROM THE WORLD WE KNOW AS EARTH!


AND THEN, THE JOURNEY DONE, DR. STRANGE OPENS HIS PIERCING EYES ONCE MORE...!
BY USING THE FORCE OF MORDO'S OWN POWER TO TRIGGER MY FINAL SPELL, I HAVE ESCAPED TO ANOTHER DIMENSION! BUT, WHAT NEW DANGERS MIGHT BE AWAITING ME HERE?
SUDDENLY, I SENSE ANOTHER PRESENCE NEAR ME!! BUT WHO..??

A FEMALE FORM! WITH FEAR AND ALARM SHOWING IN HER EYES!
I KNOW NOT WHO YOU ARE, NOR FROM WHENCE YOU HAVE COME! BUT, YOU MUST NOT REMAIN! THERE IS GREAT DANGER HERE!

MY POWER-MAD HALF-SISTER, WHO HAS STOLEN MY THRONE, RULES THIS LAND BY FORCE AND FEAR! SHE HAS DECREED DEATH TO ANY AND ALL STRANGERS!
BUT WHY? I MEAN NO HARM TO ANYONE! I HAVE COME IN PEACE! I SEEK ONLY FRIENDSHIP!


THAT MATTERS NOT! SHAZANA KNOWS HER PEOPLE HATE HER! SHE FEARS THEY WILL ONE DAY REVOLT... SHE SUSPECTS EVERY STRANGER OF BEING A SPY, OF TRYING TO HELP DETHRONE HER!
IF SHAZANA FINDS YOU, IT WILL MEAN YOUR VERY LIFE!

YOUR WARNING HAS COME TOO LATE, FOOLISH ONE! SHAZANA'S EYES AND EARS ARE EVERYWHERE! SHE SHALL REWARD ME HANDSOMELY FOR BRINGING YOU TO HER!
ALAS! ONE OF MY HALF-SISTER'S AGENTS HAS FOUND US! NOW WE BOTH ARE DOOMED!
A CIRCLE OF LIGHT... GLOWING WITH MYSTIC FORCE!

THEN, THIS TOO IS A DIMENSION IN WHICH THE MYSTIC ARTS ARE PRACTICED! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT MY OWN SPELL OF ESCAPE WOULD LEAD ME TO SUCH A PLACE!
IF YOU POSSESS SPELLS AND ENCHANTMENTS, PERHAPS YOU MAY FIND A WAY TO OVERCOME THE EVIL SHAZANA!

MOMENTS LATER, THE SORCERER AND THE FEMALE WHO TRIED TO AID HIM, ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE ONE CALLED... SHAZANA!
I AM A VISITOR FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION! I COME IN PEACE, SHAZANA! THERE IS MUCH KNOWLEDGE WE MAY EACH LEARN FROM THE OTHER!
YOUR WORDS ARE EMPTY!! YOU DO NOT DECEIVE SHAZANA! I KNOW THAT MY HALF-SISTER HAS BROUGHT YOU HERE, TO AID HER IN REGAINING HER FORMER THRONE!

IT IS AS AS I HAVE SAID! SHE WILL NOT PERMIT US TO LEAVE HERE ALIVE!
THIS WORLD IS ALIEN TO ME, AND YET... FATE HAS THROWN ME INTO A DEADLY STRUGGLE FOR POWER!
I SHALL DISPOSE OF YOU BOTH WITH A SINGLE SPELL..BE-GONE, FOREVER!

I AM STILL WEAK FROM MY JOURNEY THROUGH THE DIMENSIONS... BUT I MUST FIGHT BACK!
THOUGH IT TAKES ALL MY REMAINING MYSTIC STRENGTH, I MUST SHATTER THE SPELL OF SHAZANA!
MY SPELL DISSOLVES INTO NOTHINGNESS! YOU TOO ARE A SORCERER!

SO, MY ACCURSED HALF-SISTER! YOU SEEK TO RECLAIM YOUR THRONE WITH THE AID OF A MAGICIAN FROM ANOTHER WORLD!
BUT SHAZANA WILL NEVER GIVE UP THE CROWN SHE HAS SEIZED.! ONLY THE STRONG ARE FIT TO RULE... AND MY ENCHANTED STRENGTH IS THE GREATEST OF ALL!

DO NOT TRY TO FIGHT HER, COURAGEOUS STRANGER! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO FLEE!
NO! A MYSTIC SPELL CAN TRAVEL FASTER THAN WE COULD EVER HOPE TO MOVE! IF WE TURN OUR BACKS, WE ARE DOOMED!
YOU ARE DOOMED. WHATEVER YOU DO! I CAN SENSE YOUR WEAKNESS!

SHE'S RIGHT! MY STRENGTH HAS BEEN DRAINED BY MY BATTLE WITH MORDO... MY FLIGHT... AND THE DEFENSIVE SPELL I JUST CAST!
I NEED REST TO RENEW MY POWER ..BUT HOW?

SHE IS TOYING WITH ME! ONE SORCERER CAN ALWAYS SENSE ANOTHER'S WEAKNESS! SHE KNOWS I AM NO MATCH FOR HER NOW!

MY ONLY HOPE IS THAT SHE THINKS THIS IS MY NORMAL WEAKNESS! SHE MUST NOT SUSPECT HOW STRONG A BRIEF REST WILL MAKE ME!
HOW EASILY I BRING YOU TO YOUR KNEES, HELPLESS ONE!

HE WAS WEAKER THAN I EXPECTED! THERE IS NO NEED FOR ME TO DESTROY HIM QUICKLY! PERHAPS I SHALL LET HIM LIVE... IN CAPTIVITY... AS AN EXAMPLE TO OTHERS!
STAY BACK! DO NOT ATTEMPT TO AID HIM!

NOW THAT I REALIZE THERE IS NOTHING MORE TO FEAR FROM YOU, I SHALL LET YOU LIVE, ALSO, TO SHOW MY UNSUSPECTING SUBJECTS HOW MERCIFUL SHAZANA IS!
GO TO YOUR QUARTERS! REMAIN THERE TILL I SEND FOR YOU!
SHAZANA HAS TRIUMPHED! NOTHING CAN TOPPLE HER NOW!

AS FOR YOU, I SHALL CAST A SPELL TO REDUCE YOU TO UTTER HELPLESSNESS! THEN, YOU SHALL BE PUT ON PUBLIC DISPLAY!
BY THE SEVEN RINGS OF RAGGADORR! MY STRENGTH IS RETURNING! I MUST JUST GAIN A FEW MINUTES MORE...!!
BY THE POWERS OF THE VISHANTI, I CONJURE UP A BRIEF DELAY!

AND THEN, IN ANSWER TO THE MASTER SORCERER'S SILENT INCANTATION...
SUPREME SHAZANA! YOUR SUBJECTS HAVE ARRIVED, WITH TREASURES AND TRIBUTE FOR YOU!
AHH! GOOD! GOOD! I SHALL ACCEPT THEIR GIFTS, WHILE YOU REMAIN HERE, FEARFULLY AWAITING YOUR FATE!

BUT, NO SOONER DOES THE EVIL ENCHANTRESS DEPART, WHEN...
IT IS TOO SOON! I WILL WEAKEN MYSELF SEVERELY IF I ATTEMPT TO ATTAIN MY ECTOPLASMIC FORM!

I MUST REMAIN AS I AM... STORING UP NEW RESERVES OF ENCHANTED POWER... GRATEFUL FOR EACH ADDITIONAL MOMENT THAT SHAZANA IS GONE!

YET, I DARE NOT REMAIN TOO LONG! FOR MORDO STILL THREATENS EARTH... AND NONE ARE LEFT TO STOP HIM SINCE THE THE ANCIENT ONE IS WEAK AND AILING! THE ANCIENT ONE! I MUST NEVER ABANDON HIM!

AND, EVEN AS DR. STRANGE THINKS OF HIS AGED MENTOR, THE ANCIENT ONE LIES HIDDEN IN A LONELY CAVE, HIGH IN THE MYSTERIOUS MOUNTAINS OF TIBET...
MY HEART IS HEAVY WHENEVER I MUST LEAVE THE MASTER... EVEN THOUGH IT BE FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, WHILE I FETCH WATER FOR HIS DRY, PARCHED LIPS!
DOCTOR STRANGE! HE NEEDS ME... MY GREATEST DISCIPLE NEEDS ME... AND I AM TOO ILL TO AID HIM...
MASTER! DO NOT TORMENT YOURSELF! YOU NEED REST! I BEG THEE, MASTER!
HE LAPSES INTO A COMA AGAIN! HE, THE GREATEST SORCERER OF ALL! ALAS, STRANGE HAS VANISHED, AND EVIL MORDO SEEKS TO FIND HIM, AND DESTROY HIM WHILE HE IS HELPLESS!
BUT IN A FAR DISTANT, FAR DIFFERENT DIMENSION, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, DR. STRANGE RESOLVES TO MAKE HIS MOVE!
THE TIME HAS COME! THERE IS NOTHING FURTHER TO BE GAINED BY WAITING! I MUST USE THE POWERS THAT HAVE RETURNED TO ME!
THIS BEAST BEFORE ME... IT IS THE PET OF SHAZANA! ITS BRAIN MAY HOLD THE KNOWLEDGE I NEED!
BY THE HOARY HOSTS OF HOGGOTH, I COMMAND THEE TO REMAIN MOTIONLESS!
NOW, LET THE MYSTIC EYE OF MY AMULET COME FORTH!
WHILE MUTTERING THE INCANTATIONS OF AGAMOTTO, DR. STRANGE WILLS HIS AMULET'S EYE TO PIERCE THE VERY BRAIN OF THE CREATURE WHO STANDS BEFORE HIM...
I MUST PROBE DEEP INTO THIS BEAST'S HIDDEN MEMORIES UNTIL I FIND THE FACT I SEEK! DEEPER... DEEPER... BY THE POWER OF AGAMOTTO!
AT LAST! AN IMAGE FORMS! A FIGURE TAKES SHAPE! IT IS THE SINISTER SHAZANA! BUT, I MUST GO STILL FURTHER BACK... I CANNOT STOP NOW!
THEN, FINALLY... THROUGH A SORCERY KNOWN ONLY TO AN APPOINTED FEW, HE FINDS...
I SEE IT NOW! THE SOURCE OF SHAZANA'S POWER! SHE TEMPTED AN UNSUSPECTING MAGICIAN TO ENDOW HER WITH THE SECRET OF TIMELESS SPELLS!

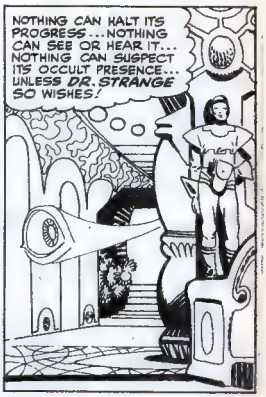
AND, ONCE SHE HAD GAINED THE POWER SHE HUNGERED FOR, SHE GAVE THE ONE WHO HAD VIOLATED HIS MYSTIC OATHS HIS REWARD.. SHE DEMONSTRATED HER SKILL AS A PUPIL BY ANNIHILATING HIM!

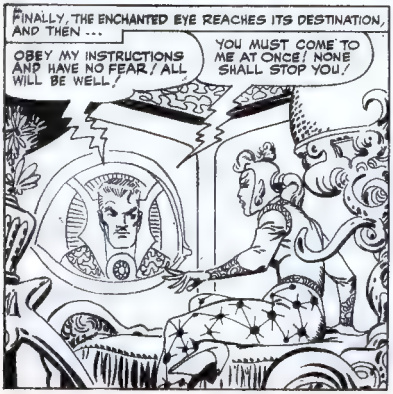
THEN, TO SAFEGUARD THE SOURCE OF HER POWER FOR ALL TIME, SHE CONCEALED HER NEW-FOUND MYSTIC SYMBOL GLOBE BENEATH THE ROYAL THRONE ITSELF!

THUS, ARMED WITH THE USURPED RITES OF SORCERY, SHAZANA EASILY DEFEATED HER HALF-SISTER, AND MADE THE THRONE HER OWN! MY AMULET HAS SERVED ME WELL THIS DAY!

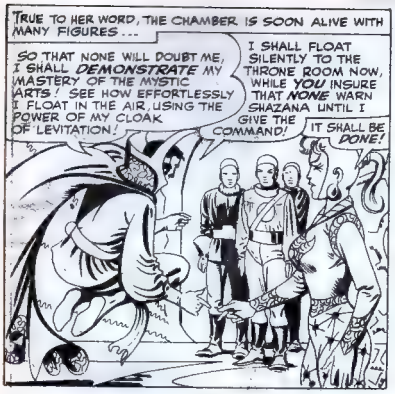
FOR, I HAVE TRULY GAINED THE GREATEST POWER OF ALL... THAT WHICH IS THE FOUNTAINHEAD OF ALL OTHER POWER... I HAVE GAINED THE GIFT OF KNOWLEDGE!

NOW I KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE... AND ONCE AGAIN THE MYSTIC EYE SHALL HELP ME DO IT!
IT MUST GO FORTH ON A SILENT SEARCH ...TILL IT FINDS THE ONE I SEEK!


NOTHING CAN HALT ITS PROGRESS... NOTHING CAN SEE OR HEAR IT... NOTHING CAN SUSPECT ITS OCCULT PRESENCE... UNLESS DR. STRANGE SO WISHES!


FINALLY, THE ENCHANTED EYE REACHES ITS DESTINATION, AND THEN...
YOU MUST COME TO ME AT ONCE! NONE SHALL STOP YOU!
OBEY MY INSTRUCTIONS AND HAVE NO FEAR! ALL WILL BE WELL!

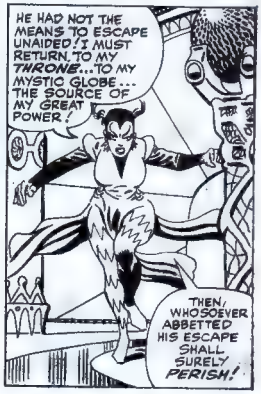
AND SO...
BY THE CRIMSON BANDS OF CYTTORAK, YOU SHALL BELIEVE MY WORDS! I CAN DEFEAT SHAZANA! YOU MUST SUMMON OTHERS, WHO CAN BE TRUSTED!
THERE ARE MANY WHO WOULD GIVE THEIR LIVES TO END HER TYRANNY! I SHALL OBEY YOU!

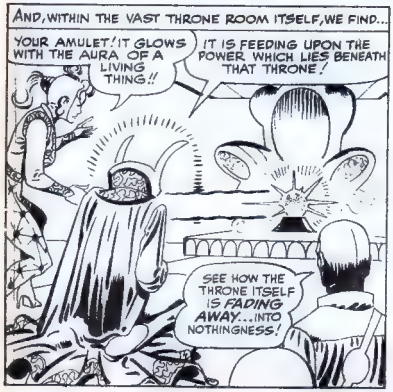

TRUE TO HER WORD, THE CHAMBER IS SOON ALIVE WITH MANY FIGURES ...
SO THAT NONE WILL DOUBT ME, I SHALL DEMONSTRATE MY MASTERY OF THE MYSTIC ARTS! SEE HOW EFFORTLESSLY I FLOAT IN THE AIR, USING THE POWER OF MY CLOAK OF LEVITATION!
I SHALL FLOAT SILENTLY TO THE THRONE ROOM NOW, WHILE YOU INSURE THAT NONE WARN SHAZANA UNTIL I GIVE THE COMMAND!
IT SHALL BE DONE!

MEANWHILE, WITHIN THE CAPTIVE THRONE ROOM, THE EVIL SORCERESS FLIES INTO A FIT OF AWESOME RAGE ...!
YOU CALL THOSE PETTY BAUBLES ENOUGH TRIBUTE FOR SHAZANA?!
BEGONE!! RETURN WITH FAR GREATER TREASURES FOR ME, OR YOUR VERY LIVES SHALL BE FORFEIT! THE AUDIENCE IS ENDED!

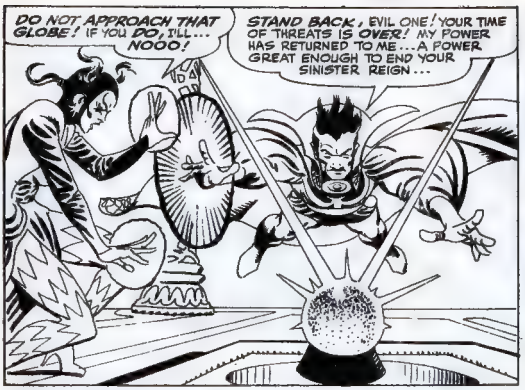
NOW TO DEAL WITH MY POWERLESS CAPTIVE!
WHY DOES SHE NOT SENSE OUR PRESENCE?
WE ARE PROTECTED BY A SIMPLE SPELL OF CONCEALMENT!

WHAT UNPARDONABLE TREASON HAS BEEN COMMITTED HERE??! THE PRISONER IS GONE!!


HE HAD NOT THE MEANS TO ESCAPE UNAIDED! I MUST RETURN TO MY THRONE... TO MY MYSTIC GLOBE... THE SOURCE OF MY GREAT POWER!
THEN, WHOSOEVER ABBETTED HIS ESCAPE SHALL SURELY PERISH!


AND, WITHIN THE VAST THRONE ROOM ITSELF, WE FIND...
YOUR AMULET! IT GLOWS WITH THE AURA OF A LIVING THING!!
IT IS FEEDING UPON THE POWER WHICH LIES BENEATH THAT THRONE!
SEE HOW THE THRONE ITSELF IS FADING AWAY... INTO NOTHINGNESS!

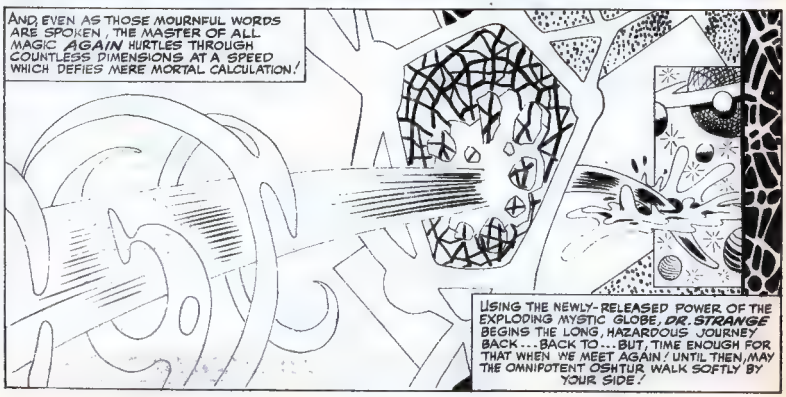
NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE WELLSPRING OF SHAZANA'S EVIL POWER... THE GLEAMING, PULSATING GLOBE!
YOU!! YOU DARED ENTER HERE?!! FOR THIS, NO PUNISHMENT CAN BE SEVERE ENOUGH!


DO NOT APPROACH THAT GLOBE! IF YOU DO, I'LL... NOOO!
STAND BACK, EVIL ONE! YOUR TIME OF THREATS IS OVER! MY POWER HAS RETURNED TO ME... A POWER GREAT ENOUGH TO END YOUR SINISTER REIGN...

...FOREVER!!

MY MYSTIC GLOBE IS GONE! NOT A TRACE OF IT REMAINS! BUT..I..I'M POWERLESS WITHOUT IT!
WHICH MEANS I AM RIGHTFUL QUEEN AGAIN...AND FREEDOM SHALL RETURN TO THIS LAND!
HAIL TO OUR NEW SOVEREIGN...OUR RIGHTFUL QUEEN! SHAZANA SHALL RULE US NO LONGER!

THE EVIL ONE WILL NEED LITTLE PUNISHMENT, MY QUEEN! THE SHOCK OF HER DEFEAT HAS UNSEATED HER MIND!
NOTHING CAN DEFEAT ME! I AM SHAZANA! MY PEOPLE LOVE ME! THEY LOVE SHAZANA, THE KIND... THE JUST..!!
IT IS BEST THIS WAY! BUT, THE STRANGER... HE IS GONE! SHALL I NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN??


AND EVEN AS THOSE MOURNFUL WORDS ARE SPOKEN, THE MASTER OF ALL MAGIC AGAIN HURTLES THROUGH COUNTLESS DIMENSIONS AT A SPEED WHICH DEFIES MERE MORTAL CALCULATION!
USING THE NEWLY-RELEASED POWER OF THE EXPLODING MYSTIC GLOBE, DR. STRANGE BEGINS THE LONG, HAZARDOUS JOURNEY BACK...BACK TO...BUT, TIME ENOUGH FOR THAT WHEN WE MEET AGAIN! UNTIL THEN, MAY THE OMNIPOTENT OSHTUR WALK SOFTLY BY YOUR SIDE!

These sporty machines have high rise handlebars, short sports mudguards and a three-speed Sturmey Archer gear with 'Sportshift' stub-type gear lever. They've got banana shaped pole saddles, sweptwing chainguards and lightweight Endrick rims.

YOUR LAST CHANCE!

Any Frantic One who hasn't sent in at least one coupon in our Pop Competition deserves to WALK one hundred miles over HOT TAR in frogman's flippers! In other words—if you want a pedestrian, EARTH-BOUND life—go ahead! But if you want to defy the elements on a MUSTANG—well, folks, you know what to do!

HOW TO ENTER

Pierrots on the piers are strictly for squares! What we want is pops in the Pavilion!

Imagine you were to be the producer of a pop show to run for the summer at a British seaside resort. If you could book TEN of the turns listed on your free entry coupon, which TEN would you choose in order to make the show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success?

Simply place a cross (X) in the blank spaces next to the TEN turns you select. You don't have to worry about the order in which they will appear—just mark ten crosses. If you are aged 10 or under you may complete your entries in pencil: older readers MUST use ink—pen or ball-point.

Next, add your age and your name and address in block letters, and post your entry in a sealed envelope (4d. postage) to the address shown on your entry coupon. Remember, all entries must arrive by not later than FRIDAY, 8th SEPTEMBER, 1967.

RULES

There are ten prizes, each of a Raleigh Mustang bicycle. All entries will be examined, and the prizes awarded to the ten competitors who have, in the opinion of the judges, shown the most skill and judgement in selecting the ten turns which, together, would make a seaside summer pop show the most entertaining one and a sure-fire success. Should there be more than ten such entries, those tying will be invited to enter a free eliminating contest to decide the ten winners. No reader can win more than one award.

The competition is open to all readers in the U.K. and Eire other than children of employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies. Each reader is allowed to submit one entry coupon every week from each of the five Power comics in which this competition appears.

The decisions of the Managing Editor and the judges are final in all matters relating to the competition, and no correspondence will be entered into. The results will be published in the five Power Comics.

FREE ENTRY FORM
POWER POP COMPETITION

Place a cross (X) in the blank space against each of the TEN turns you select.

Bachelors	Monkees	
Barron Knights	Paul and Barry Ryan	
Cat Stevens	Petula Clark	
Cliff Richard	Sandie Shaw	
Dusty Springfield	Seekers	
Freddie and the Dreamers	Shadows	
Ken Dodd	Tom Jones	
Lulu	Tremeloes	
Mammas and Poppas	Val Doonican	
Manfred Mann	Walker Brothers	

AGE..... NAME.....
(Block letters)

ADDRESS .....
(Block letters)

.....

.....

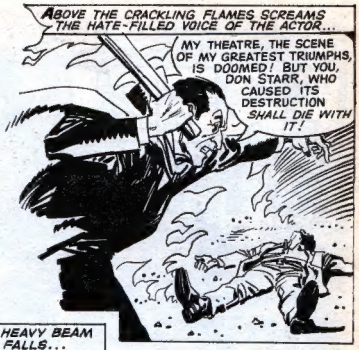
Post your entry to: POWER POP COMPETITION
96 LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

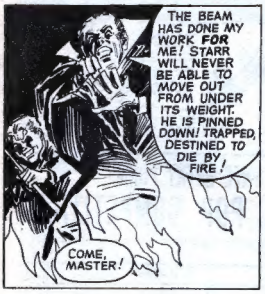
2.9.67

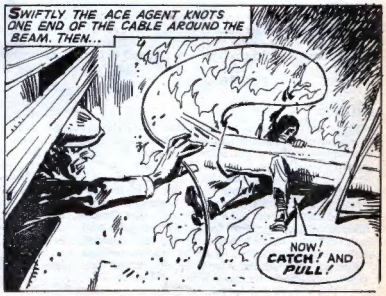
—Cut around dotted line—

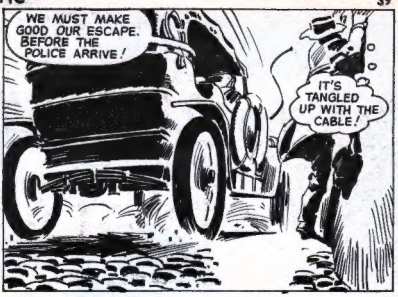
THE DRAMA OF DOOM

A GLOOMY, LONG-DESERTED THEATRE—THE LAIR OF THE EVIL CRIME-MASTER CALLED THE ACTOR—BURNS FURIOUSLY. INSIDE, SPECIAL AGENT **DON STARR** LIES UNCONSCIOUS AT THE MERCY OF HIS RUTHLESS ENEMY.









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